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Essays, Expositions, &c.

WHAT BAPTISTS HOLD—AND WHY?

A PAMPHLET has recently been issued by the American Publication Society from the pen of Rev. T. Armitage, D.D. of New York, on the necessity of a Baptist Sunday School Union, in which he presents the reasons for our organisation.

The Divine truths which have "maintained the integrity" of the Baptist churches, as distinct from all other religionists, are these, namely:—

1.—That the word of God, as found in the inspired manuscripts, is the only rule by which the church is to be governed, edified, and built up, in its doctrines, ordinances, and discipline; and that no creed, liturgy, rubric, catechism, decree, law or tradition, is to be set up as of any authority whatever, in any department connected with the upbuilding, defence, and perpetuity of Christ's ransomed church.

2.—That his church is composed only of regenerate persons, and that, therefore, all interference in its affairs on the part of the state or of civil rulers, is an unwarranted dictation, oppression and tyranny, that must not be brooked, but is to be resisted, broken, and shaken off, by all true lovers of soul-liberty, on the ground that Christ and Christ only is the "Head over all things to his church."

3.—That the immersion of the body in water is the only baptism whereby men can be admitted into the fellowship with Christ's church: therefore, all other symbols of the mystic union are spurious and deviations from Christ's appointed badge of discipleship; and are to be rebuked as human innovations upon the simplicity of primitive Christianity.

4.—That only those persons in whom the spirit of God has wrought a radical renovation of the soul, by faith in Jesus, are, or can be entitled, under any pretext whatever, to a place in a gospel church as members thereof; and that the introduction of any other class, by virtue of parentage, or ecclesiastical decretal, is a direct prostitution of the purposes for which the founder of the church established it in the earth.

5.—That regenerated persons thus buried with Christ in the first ordinance of the gospel, are the only persons who do or can possess the requisite qualifications which entitle Christ's people to the benefits of communion, watchful care, and discipline in his church; so that any reversal of this order, is to dispute, nullify, and supersede his authority in his own house. And

6.—That the church of Christ is a simple brotherhood of renewed spirits, walking in the paths of gospel obedience; that they all stand upon a perfect parity in the household of faith, under the legislation and leadership of their elder Brother; and that, therefore, he disallows among them all orders and distinctions that savour of a human hierarchy, and all ecclesiastical denomination whatever, as inconsistent with the right of self-government, which inheres in each individual congregation of his elect, as composing the church of God in any given place.

These truths are broad and fundamental and plain, as "CHRIST TAUGHT THEM," and yet, with the exception of one or two points, they are held by none but Baptists in all their bearings practically. They ramify through all the groundwork and life of Christianity. And so far from being considered by the Christian world, as small points, external and non-essential, they have drawn a broad belt across the bounds of Christendom, and divided the Christian world into two. There is not another doctrine of Christianity of which this can be said. The question as to what material constitutes the church, and by what law it is to be built up into the living temple, has agitated the church for fifteen hundred years, and troubles its waters more to day than ever before. It has consumed the best learning and talent of Christianity. Millions of the best minds are devoted to the theme to-day. Every pulpit and press in the British empire is handling the subject, with its embarrassments and responsibilities, and it is engendering nearly as much discussion and profound feeling in the republic itself.

The man who tells you that the only thing involved here is a mere external rite, is as blind as he can well be to the times in which he lives. The truths involved are precisely these, and these only, which necessitate the existence of the Baptist world on one side, as distinct from all other Christians, and the Pædobaptist world on the other side, as distinct from us.

THE BIBLE.

THE Bible is of divine origin. Men are the channels through which this water of life has flowed to us, but God is the source of it. Mariners observe that the seas on the globe are of different colours. One is of a green colour, another is of a blue cast, and a third is of a dark hue; but all are composed of water. So Moses, Isaiah, John, and all the Sacred writers, though differing in other respects, wrote as they were moved by the Holy Ghost. Hence it is called the Word of God, and the Book of the Lord. It is not Satan's invention; for the father of lies would not propagate such glorious truths. It is not of man's devising; for it contains loftier strains than Homer's or Milton's, and purer moral maxims than Seneca's or any of the sages of antiquity. Are you perplexed by the mysteries of the Bible? You must remember that it is the production of an infinite mind, and that it will probably be our lesson-book throughout eternity. There are problems in it for philosophers, and there are also knots which children may untie. It is the most suggestive book in the world. Myriads of sermons have been preached to explain and enforce it; thousands of books have been written to unfold and illustrate its lessons; and the press is teeming with more at the present time than ever before. It contains lumps of solid gold which may be beaten out endlessly. Every time we search it we find something new. Every time we dive into this sea we bring up fresh pearls. Every time we go down into this mine we discover rich veins. It is literally inexhaustible; and the longer we study it the more we shall understand it. Let us pray as the psalmist did, "Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law." Prayer is the key that unlocks the doors of the mysterious chambers of the Scriptures.

The Bible is a letter. It is indited and sent by the Father in heaven to his children on earth. As a wise father gives counsel to his children when they are away from home, so God has ordained a way to instruct us. He has

sent a love epistle to all mankind. The gospel is glad tidings of great joy for all people. It is the good news that a Saviour has been provided for the race; that pardon is offered to the chief of sinners; that happiness may be obtained by all; and that heaven is prepared for all believers in Jesus. O what marvels of grace and love! They are worthy to be written in characters of living light. Does it make your heart glad when you receive a letter from home? Do you devour its contents with avidity? In like manner eat and digest the words of God, for they are sweeter than honey or the honey-comb. They are like wholesome loaves of bread, and will feed your soul.

The Bible is a lamp. It throws its bright beams across the dark and intricate path of life. It shows us the pits and precipices of sin. It is not a flickering and uncertain *ignis fatuus* leading us into the bogs of pollution; but a steady and constant light, guiding us to a Celestial City. It is the foundation of civilisation, the charter of freedom, the friend of science, and it aids us in all our efforts for the benefit of men. It is the only original depository of the world-renowned maxim of the Master, "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets." Are you lost in your journey? Look at this finger-post, and it will direct you aright.

The Bible is a cabinet. It contains gems, and jewels, and all manner of precious stones. Here is Christ to be found, who is the pearl of great price. He is most beautiful; he glows with a mild and regal splendour, and is more precious than ten thousand worlds. Here is the shining silver of a meek and quiet spirit displayed, and the gold of patience tried in the fire. Here is the jewel of sweet contentment, the gem of a tranquil conscience, and a crown of righteousness that fadeth not. Here is the sparkling stone with a name engraven on it, which no one knows but he that receives it. Are you running a race after riches? Seek these, and you shall find them. They are enduring treasures. They will never take wings and fly away, as the eagle towards heaven. The Bible is an arsenal, and a tower built for an armoury. It possesses unlimited stores of spiritual amunition. On its walls are hung thousands of helmets, shields, and bucklers. In it are piled up all sorts of armour, breastplates and arrows, swords and spears. It has never been exploded or captured by the enemy. From it all the mighty reformers and invincible Christian warriors, of all times and nations, have obtained their effective weapons. Here are guns of large caliber and long range. No ordnance, either ancient or modern, can bear any comparison with them. Beecher fires off one in Brooklyn on the Sabbath, and speedily the shots are felt in New York, in Boston, in Chicago, and Philadelphia, and are scattered over the country. And the report is heard across the Atlantic, in England, France and Germany. Peter's gun is thundering yet; and the echoes of Paul's have not died away. Men's inventions are often cast aside as useless; but the Word of the Lord endureth for ever. Do you want to become soldiers of the Cross? Then equip yourselves. The Gospel trumpet is sounding, and the hosts are gathering. To arms! to arms! Fight for the cause of God and man. Stand up for the good, the true, and the right. "Quit yourselves like men; be strong." "For the weapons of our warfare are not carnal; but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds."

A RANSOM FOUND.*

"Deliver him from going down to the pit; I have found a ransom."—Job xxxiii. 24.

In this chapter, the Spirit holds out to us, in a very striking point of view, the method by which a sinner is converted, with some of the attendant circum-

* The sermon of which the following are notes, was preached at Dundee, by the Rev. Wm. C. Burns, who is now in China, labouring successfully in the ministry of the gospel.

stances. Look back to verse 14th—"God speaketh once, yea twice, yet man perceiveth it not." To the unconverted God speaks; but they hear not. But when God intends to deal savingly with a man, he speaks in a voice that commands attention. He accompanies his word with his Spirit's power, and thus "openeth the ears of men, and sealeth their instruction?" Again it is said, "He speaks in a dream;" and, ere the oracles of God were completed, or before they had an actual existence, as in the days of Job, it was God's way to speak to man "in the watches of the night." Verse 19th—"He is chastened also with pain," &c.; and this is a more common attendant on the work of God. Many have been laid on beds of sickness, and there "born again." He often chooses his own in the furnace of affliction. Next attendant, verse 20th—"His life abhoreth bread," &c. I heard of an interesting case the other day. A man had come to Kilsyth to laugh at what he termed our weakness; but the Spirit brought conviction home to him; and, when he went back to his lodgings, and was asked to take food, he replied, "This is not the food that I need now." Next he says, verse 21st—"His flesh is consumed away," &c. Some have been brought under deep conviction for years, till they were worn to a shadow; but there is a cure provided for them in the word of God, whereby "their flesh shall be fresher than a child's, and they shall return to the days of their youth." Next, verse 23—"If their be a messenger with him, an interpreter, one among a thousand," &c. And who is this, but He, the Messenger of the Covenant, who shall come suddenly to his Temple? It is none other than Immanuel, the sent of God. He is the Interpreter. And why is he called by that sweet name?—Because he came to open up to the mind of man the mind and will of God for our salvation. He explains his own work, and applies it to the sinner. He is also called "one among a thousand." In his own adorable person, he is matchless—fairer than the children of men. Has he been to *you* an interpreter of the will of God? Does he appear to you the chief among ten thousand, yea altogether lovely? When this is the case, then God is gracious to the sinner, and saith, "Deliver him from going down to the pit: I have found a ransom." If there be any of God's dear children here, O! pray for me now while I proceed to mention—

I.—*The sinner is described as going down to the pit.* What, my dear friends, is this pit, to which fallen man is going down? The pit is an awful name, dreadful to be spoken, but infinitely more dreadful to endure. Who can dwell with devouring fire? who can lie down with everlasting burnings? O! dear friends, be ye warned to flee from the wrath to come. It is called a horrible pit—a bottomless pit—a pit wherein is no water. Blessed be God! we cannot describe it from experience. It is the doom of every lost fallen man. To it is consigned the soul of every lost sinner. In that pit shall their souls and bodies be tormented, day and night, for ever and ever. I cannot sufficiently explain the horrors of this pit. Those who have been in a coal-pit can form some idea of what is meant by a pit. But, were we under sharp convictions of sin—and would to God more amongst us were so!—then would we understand more about the pit, and be nearer to be delivered from it. O! if you felt this, you would cry with David out of the depths to the Lord, looking on the right hand and on the left, but finding none to help—no man to care for your soul. But this is, after all, only a faint *conception* of the pit. The *reality* may we never know! To it are consigned devils and lost souls; and many among us are on their way to it if God do not interpose.

1*st. Fallen man is worthy of this pit.* For whom was it made?—For sinners—for the breakers of the Law. Why are devils there, but because they kept not their first estate? They were once angels in Heaven; but they sinned and were hurled from their seats of bliss, and now they are reserved in chains and darkness till the judgment of the great day. We have broken the law. God has said, "The soul that sinneth it shall die." "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things written in the book of the law to do them." And so we *deserve* the pit.

2nd. *Fallen man is fit for this pit.* The desperate depravity of his nature makes him fit for it. There is not one already in the pit more fit for it than unconverted sinners on earth—"From the crown of the head to the sole of the foot there is no soundness," &c. And any of us who are convinced of sin, have felt that we are fit for the pit.

3rd. *We are going to the pit.* O friends, every step we take in an ungenerate state is a step nearer the pit! This is not believed, still it is true. Men may go by different ways. Some go through the theatre to the pit—some through the public-house to the pit—some through the church—aye, and many go to the hottest part of hell by a communion-table! Do you believe this? Has it made any impression on your mind? Has it broken your heart?

4th. *We are on the brink of this pit.* O I cannot tell how near some of you may be to the pit! Another twelve hours, and some of you may be there! One step, sinner, and you may be in eternity! What uncertain ground you stand upon! You are upon the brink of a precipice, and it is through the mercy of God you are not down, down, down to the very depths of hell! You say you believe this—so do the devils, and tremble—so did thousands whose bodies moulder in the church-yards around us, and whose souls are confined in this pit. If you do not *feel* all this, it is a sign you are not convinced of sin. O! we are hard-hearted preachers when we do not weep to preach, and weep to hear of this. O! if we felt all this, we would be melting preachers and melted hearers; but we hear as if we did not hear God speak.

II.—Consider *God's gracious announcement or command*—"Deliver him from going down to the pit." We have now formed an idea of man by nature as worthy of the pit, fit for the pit, going to the pit, and on the brink of the pit; and now, if we saw Jehovah fixing his eye upon such creatures, what would we expect? Would it not be that he should cast them into the pit for ever? But, O! let us admire, wonder, and adore. His eyes are melting with tenderness and his bowels yearn. He openeth his mouth in these pathetic accents—"Deliver him from going down to the pit: I have found a ransom." What do you think now of God's gracious dealings with sinners? You who think you are safe, will not wonder. But, ah! if you knew what it is to be taken from the fearful pit, you would wonder and praise, and praise and wonder, through an endless eternity! O! if we had more awakened consciences we should have more open mouths to praise God. "I have found a ransom." Now, can you tell where this ransom is to be found? Ask the angels if they can tell you! Though we had all been assembled when Adam fell—though heaven had poured forth all its intelligent inhabitants to see the wreck that sin and Satan had made—though we had called the angels and archangels to our council-board—they could only have pointed to the fallen angels in hell, and have said, "The soul that sinneth it shall die." O! they might have stood around us and have wept over us; but, ah! no beam of light—no ray of hope—no word of comfort—could they impart to us or to any fallen creature. Jehovah's boundaries are overstepped, and none escape that rebel against him. O! then, dear friends, you see creatures could not find out a ransom; but God said, "*I* have found." What do you now think of God? There is only *one* ransom in all the universe that could redeem man. This is one of the hidden mysteries of Divine knowledge. Angels could not tell of the God-head becoming incarnate. O these divine, wonderful, mysterious words—"I have found a ransom." Silence reigns throughout creation when the question is asked—"Who can redeem his brother, or give to God a ransom for him?" When all are silent, God comes forward and says, "*I*—I, whom they have offended—I whose throne they have invaded—I, even I, have found a ransom." O! where can it be found? Will it be found among the angels or archangels? Could the whole host of these pure beings ransom man? O, no! A creature could never stand in the place of a creature. If one of the highest angels had come down to this earth, and died for us, could he have had merit to give for man? No. He was but an unprofitable servant when he had done all righteousness, nor could

his blood atone for the guilt of sin. The ransom, then, was found *in the bosom of Jehovah*. There lay that pearl of great price in the bosom of the Father which was paid for man's redemption. He is there; but will God give him up? Will the Father really give him up? Be astonished, O ye heavens! He gave him up, not only to obey, but to suffer. Well might angels wonder when God said, "I have found a ransom." I have laid help on a mighty one. "God *so* loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son." The word *so* is a very short word: but, O! it is infinitely expressive—"He *so* loved the world, that he *gave* his *only*—only-begotten Son!" Now, what kind of a reception did he get from the world? "He came to his own, and his own received him not." The Creator, he who, by the word of his power, made all things—stood upon the earth with a nature like to ours, and the world mocked and despised him, and in the end they cried with one voice, "Away with him! Crucify him! Crucify him!" When we think of the Father looking forward into futurity, and beholding all his sufferings, and his cruel death, we wonder he could say, "I have found a ransom." O! eternity will be too short to praise him. "Behold, what manner of love."

We come now to speak of the enemies that oppose this deliverance. When God says, "Deliver from going down to the pit." *1st Satan sets himself to oppose it.* He is ready to bring railing accusation against God, and to say, "That soul has sinned, and the soul that sinneth it shall die. Will not God violate his justice and deny himself if he say, 'Deliver him?'" But God says, "I have found a ransom." And what can Satan say to that, but that God's mercy is greater and his wisdom deeper than he thought? Little did Satan think, when, by Adam's fall, he brought us under sin and nigh to hell, that God could magnify the riches of his grace in saving sinners. But he has done so in finding out a ransom; and thus we see Satan cannot oppose. *2nd. The Law opposes the sinner's deliverance*, and says, "I am dishonoured if this man is saved. He will be a blot in the universe of God. His salvation will cast contempt on me. He will render unstable the very throne of God, for it is founded on the Law." But what can the Law answer when God says, "I have found a ransom."—a ransom which will magnify the Law and make it honourable? Christ said, "Lo, I come to do thy will"—to fulfil thy Law—"O, God!" and so the Law is silenced. When a murderer is pardoned by an earthly sovereign, mercy takes the place of justice—the claims of the law are forgotten, that the criminal may escape; but it is otherwise here. Justice and mercy are magnified at once—the sinner is delivered; but a *ransom* has been found. *3rd.* The last enemy to the sinner's deliverance is to be found in a very unlikely place, even in the sinner's own breast. *It is the sinner's conscience.* When a man's conscience is asleep, he can easily entertain the idea of being pardoned, and thinks nothing more natural or easy; but, when the conscience is awake, and sin is seen in its true colours, the sinner is self-condemned, and conscience seems to say that justice cannot be done except he perish. Yes: and it is hard to convince the conscience in such a case that the sinner can be saved by the work of another. God alone can do so, by his express testimony, carried home by his Spirit. But what can conscience object when God says, "I have found a ransom?" Shall that which satisfies justice not satisfy conscience? Shall the Judge be pleased, and yet the criminal object? What, sinner! is your conscience holier than God? He has said, "I have found a ransom:" I am satisfied. Do you say the same—"I have found a ransom! I am pardoned: I am at peace with God by the blood of the cross."

Now, I would pause and ask, will any of you still continue to go to the pit? Does God beseech you, and will you yet stand out? O, a beseeching parent is a most affecting sight. To see an aged father, or a grey-haired mother, beseeching a rebellious child, may move us. What, then, do you think of Jehovah appearing in our nature, and as it were, in the dust, beseeching us to be reconciled? See him walking into Jerusalem, weeping over it and saying, "O, Jerusalem, Jerusalem! how often would I have gathered your children

together, as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, but ye would not!" And, O sinners, Jesus is in like manner weeping over you and saying, "How often would I have gathered *you*, and ye *would* not!" O there is a beseeching God here to-night; for "*wherever* two or three are gathered together in his name, there he is in the midst of them." O may he be amongst us to bless us and to do us good. O will you not come to Jesus? Will he weep over you, and will you still despise him? There are only a few steps between you and the pit. O hear his voice saying, "As I live, I have no pleasure in the death of the sinner." "Turn ye, turn ye! why will ye die?" Are any here saying, "Behold we come unto thee, for thou art the Lord our God"—"he hath torn, and he will heal us—he hath smitten, and he will bind us up?" O, are there any returning sinners here to-night? We would like to see many turning to God to-night! Are there any drunkards here? O, come to Jesus, and he will give you a cup of pure joy, and take from you the cup of trembling. Let us *all* go to Jesus together; for, O, it is sweet to be near his feet. O, dear friends, believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. Look to the ransom, and praise God for it. Out of Jesus he "is a consuming fire." O remember this dear friends, that "*God is a consuming fire*" to all that are out of Christ; but come to Christ, and God will be gracious unto you for his sake. Out of Jesus, "God is a consuming fire;" but in Christ, he is like the father in the parable. He saw the returning prodigal "afar off"—he "ran" and "met him," and "fell upon his neck and kissed him," saying, "My son was dead, but is alive again—was lost, and is found." Do any of you now embrace Christ? Will I have to go back to-night to him that sent me, and say, Lord, none will believe my report? In a little time, I may be far away from you—I must needs go to others; for therefore are we sent. Ye will weary men; but will ye weary my God also? O come to him *now*—his arms are spread out to receive you—hear him say,—"All day long have I stretched out my hand to a disobedient and gainsaying people." I cannot plead with you longer; but, O give us a thousand hearts for Immanuel! There is *no* other name given under heaven among men whereby ye can be saved but the name of Jesus. Philosophers, with all their boasted learning, cannot tell us the way to be happy eternally. Jesus alone can do this. Ye who desire Jesus, he is near you; for he is near unto all who call upon him. O, he is near—I am not so near—he is nearer to you than you are to each other. The ocean of salvation is flowing around you. O let it in, and it will fill you with peace and joy. The Holy Spirit is striving with you. Do you not feel a wish to be saved? Then the kindest thing you can do to yourselves—the kindest thing you can do to Jesus—is just to let him into your heart. He stands at the door and knocks. His blessed head is filled with the dew, and his locks with the drops of the night. O do not keep him out; but let your soul say, "Come in, thou blessed of the Lord—why standest thou without?" O it is *unkind* to reject him. Though ye have grieved him and tempted him for forty or for fifty years, yet come to him to-night, and he will fill your souls with the finest of the wheat. Now, we shall never all meet again till we meet before the great white throne; and I take God for my witness to-night, that I am free from your blood, and that I will be a witness against you at the judgment-seat if you reject the Lord. O that we might all meet at the right hand on that day, and hear the Judge pronounce our names with blessings on our heads! Remember, we *must* either be on the right hand or on the left—either singing or wailing! "Choose ye *this* day whom ye will serve." Come out from the world, and be ye separate, and touch no more the unclean thing; and "I will receive you, and be a father to you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty." To God be the glory! Amen.

STORMY SABBATHS.

BY REV. THEO. L. CUYLER.

THE season for stormy Sabbaths is now on, and, as in all past winters, the patience of pastors will be sorely tired. We shall make ready the "beaten oil" for the sanctuary, and go ourselves through the pouring rain or driving snow; but the mass of our people will not be there to "fill their vessels" from the oil-jar. We shall prepare a practical discourse with especial reference to Mr. A——; but he will be at home, "toasting his shins" by the fire. We shall have a sweet, comforting discourse for Mrs. B—— in her bereavement; but, alas! the rain would damage Mrs. B——'s new crape veil, and so she saves her veil and loses her sermon. Perhaps, as Mr. C—— has often told us of his difficulties about the inspiration of the Scriptures, we may preach the very discourse which we have carefully prepared to meet his difficulties, on some stormy Sunday; while Mr. C—— is sitting in the chimney-corner, reading his INDEPENDENT. And so it will come about that a large number of truths, which are designed for particular individuals, will miss their mark—to the disappointment of the preacher, and to the sore spiritual loss of the wilful absentee.

Since it is practically impossible to get our congregations all out to their own churches on stormy Sabbaths, I have often felt inclined to make this suggestion: *Let every one go to the nearest church.* Three benefits would arise from this arrangement. 1st. Every pastor would have a large audience, even on the dreariest days. 2nd. People would have an opportunity to hear other preachers besides their own. 3rd. The edge of sectarian prejudice would be taken off, and a spirit of Christian harmony would be engendered among different denominations. For there is many a man who would lose his narrow prejudice or secret hostility to another denomination the moment he began to worship God in their company, and hear the blessed gospel from the lips of their minister. We recommend this suggestion for a practical trial on the first stormy Sabbath. It would save our churches from the disgrace that now belongs to them whenever the weather interferes with their comfort or the lustre of their Sunday silks and satins.

After twenty years of pastoral experience, I have come to divide all church-members into two classes—fair-weather Christians, and storm-proof Christians. This division holds good through all the routine of religious life. The first class is composed of those who rarely practice any self-denial for Christ. They not only dread a storm of rain or snow, but a storm of reproach or unpopularity. They are capital soldiers on parade-days, but are not worth a rush before the cannon's mouth. They are loud in profession before a battle, and loud in exultation after a victory, but during the fight they are always *missing*. Demas is the representative apostle of this class, as Paul is the representative of the storm-proof disciples. Fair-weather Christians are of no possible use, except to shame better men into better conduct.

Commend me to the Christian who, when the Sabbath bell rings, consults his conscience rather than his barometer. Commend me to the follower of Jesus who chooses death or defeat rather than desertion. Commend me to him who, when Duty sounds her trumpet, is always ready to answer, "Lord! what wilt thou have me to do?" He is Christ's minute-man. When at last the messenger of death shall call the roll, this man shall calmly and promptly answer *here!* And, after he has gone to his heavenly reward, his name, like that of the gallant young Huguenot captain, shall be kept on the roll of the regiment, and whenever it is called some comrade in the faith shall step forth and respond, "*Died on the battle-field.*" In these days of self-indulgence, may God send us more religion that is *storm-proof.*

"FEAR IS NOT LOVE."

You say you cannot see what fear has to do with love. Perhaps enough was said on that point in a former article. If not we will look at it again, and try

to ascertain whether God, who makes our whole ultimate duty to consist in love, has made use of fear to produce and to perfect love. This is a question not of speculation, but fact.

We begin with the holy angels. Their whole duty consisted in loving God. Were their fears appealed to then while they were perfect in love? As we have no direct information, we must ascertain what we can learn from inference; and as that is but conjecture it may be merely suggested.

It seems that they became devils, lost their primitive estate, and "are reserved in everlasting chains under darkness, unto the judgment of the great day." Now our inference is, that if such were to be the consequences of their disobedience, a kind Being, who knew it, would have informed them. But if He did, it was well calculated to awaken fear in them even while they were perfect in love. Whether it was kind or wise to inform them, each must judge for himself.

Then we have more positive knowledge in the case of Adam and Eve. They were holy, perfect in love. Yet God, our kind Father, said to them, "The day that thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die." That was more awful to them than it can be to their children, who have never known what the fulness and perfection of life is. Then if fear is not love, it is not inconsistent with it; may have an intimate connection with it.

But now we come to enquire how it is with sinners under the reign of grace. If we take the most general view of it, we see that society cannot dispense with fear. God, who made man for society, and gave society to man, made the magistrate to bear the sword that he might be a terror to a certain class. Then, so far, benevolence can make terror one of its instruments.

Nay, the milder forms of fear are at the very foundation of the proprieties of life. He who in society most fears giving needless offence is the most of a gentleman. But it may still honestly be asked, what relation fear can have to the gospel, which is glad tidings of great joy.

1.—*It checks the wicked.* The awful words of the Bible remain there, working in silence on the consciences of desperate men, even without their knowing it is so.

2.—*It awakens the insensible.* Saul of Tarsus was terribly alarmed when he discovered whom he had been opposing. Peter's sermon cut to the heart, and awakened awful apprehensions of a coming day of reckoning. God tells his prophets, "Say to the wicked it shall be ill with him."

3.—*It spurs on the enquirer* who is tempted to shrink back from the difficulties of the way.

4.—*It is a guard to the believer.* Fear is a safeguard of love in this imperfect state. Hence Paul says, "I keep my body under, lest I should be a castaway." Hence he utters such awful warnings as are found in the sixth chapter of the Hebrews.

Fear goes with the believer clear to the end; and when he reaches heaven its mission is ended; and there "perfect love casteth out fear."

THE SPIRITUAL SIGNIFICANCE OF BAPTISM.*

ROMANS vi. 1, 2, 3, 4.

WHILE Paul preached baptism of believers only, he was most anxious to assert and demonstrate the great doctrine of justification by faith in Christ. It would be anti-Christ to put any one even of Christ's ordinances in room of him. At the same time we have long been convinced that there would be more Baptists, were our Pastors more frequently to assert, on Scripture testimony, the duty and privilege of all believers to be immersed. We have in the text the one faith in relation to this one baptism, and, God helping us, propose to give to each its Scriptural place as enjoined in relation to the divine life.

* Substance of a Sermon preached in the Baptist Chapel, Drake Street, Rochdale, by Alexander Pitt, on the occasion of a baptism.

I.—The occasion the gospel gives for the enquiry "shall we continue in sin." Such a question Paul knew his proclamation would evoke then, as it has done since, because,—

1.—It offers a salvation *completed* by Christ—our ransom was all paid. Every claim of law he met; every atom of vengance due to our sin he endured. "It is finished." God was satisfied. Sinner, ought not you? It only asks poverty, rags, ruin, in exchange for life, acquital, pardon. All that was yours He offers to take; all that is His he presses on you to accept.

2.—It saves the vilest and the most moral on *just the same footing*. In man's sight there is a vast difference betwixt these two classes; in God's sight both are alike ruined, under the curse, lost—undone, dead in trespasses and in sins. Magdalene and Timothy, Paul and Peter, the vilest prostitute and the chastest daughter of virtue are alike saved by the same free favour. God's word declares this—his own people feel each—"God would have been just had he sent me to hell."

3.—It raises believers to a higher and securer dignity than Adam enjoyed before he fell in Paradise. It makes us kings and priests to God; gives us the spirit of adoption; unites to Christ. "We are members of his body, of his flesh, and his bones"—a union which nothing can sever—eternal life. "They shall never perish, and no man is able to pluck them out of my hand." It gives us a title to heaven which justice can never dispute, nor Satan set aside. It counts up thrones, dominions, principalities, and powers, &c., and says to that pardoned malefactor, "All are yours." Does not this seem like a boon for sinning? for where sin abounded grace did much more abound. "Shall we then continue in sin that grace may abound?"

4.—God often saves men in the midst of their rebellion to him—Saul of Tarsus—"I am found of them that sought me not," &c.

II.—What the carnal heart has to allege against all this,—"Let us continue in sin," &c.

1.—"If this be true, no use my trying to be good." It will be useful and more comfortable to yourself here, but no qualification before God whatever. Our goodness extends not to Him. The Red Indians trade with cuts of red cloth as we do with money, and with them buy timber, land, &c. These cuts of red cloth may answer there, but would not pass here; moralities of the unregenerate may do on earth, but will not be recognised in heaven.

2.—"If God arrest men in the act of rebellion, no use my seeking." But He bids you seek, ask, enquire hearken. Had you lived in Christ's time, and been blind, the best plan would have been to do as Bartimeus did—lie in the way where Christ was, and call lustily after him. Are you content to be damned while life is offered in the gospel? It is *in*, and not for enquiring after Christ; He reveals himself to the soul. The consciously lost one can never rest content till salvation be secured.

3.—"After all, is it not more likely that God will reveal his love to the moral than to the profane?" Likelihood or unlikelihood has nothing to do with the case. Judging from the past, the self-righteous, the Pharisees of our day, are the most hopeless class. Two men are bankrupts; one stands before us a complete wreck, and the ruin adversity has wrought excites our sympathy, and rouses our benevolence: we yearn to help him. The other forges some bank notes, or circulates base sovereigns, and thus robs honest industry with a sham currency. Which of these two will fare the harder in courts of justice? And what will be the doom of the man who attempts to cheat the Eternal God with the base alloy of his own doings, and enter heaven in the rags of his own righteousness. "Friend, how camest thou in hither, not having on the wedding garment?" "Bind him hand and foot, and cast him into outer darkness." In Christ we have no need to fear our sins, but are ever in terrible danger from our righteousness.

4.—"Then I'll sit still, and do nothing at all." Through fear of people saying this, some ministers have been afraid to publish a full gospel. Let us

be faithful to Christ's truth, and leave him to take care of its results. Men may say that and not mean it, but to feel it is just the turning point in a soul's salvation. It is *doing* that keeps them from Christ. When a soul says "I'm undone, I can do nothing, all my strivings leave me worse than before," verily has the light dawned within, and salvation has come. For no man gives up self, but as he accepts the Saviour.

III.—The triumphant refutation of all this, furnished in believer's baptism as adduced by the apostle. His argument, urged with all possible energy, is,—

1.—Believers are dead to sin by *faith* in Christ. They have seen Him delivered for our offences; bearing our guilt and sin. How can they love the precious Lord that bought them, and love sin that crucified and cost him his blood?

2.—The Holy Spirit works in each believer's experience Christ's actual history. They are born of God. "The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee;" therefore, also, "that holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God," is, in a measure, true of every Christian. There is that holy nature in them which "cannot sin." They are crucified with Christ experimentally; risen with Christ—ours is now a resurrection life: as heirs of God we live far more in heaven than on earth. "We are come to Mount Zion, the city of the living God," &c. "And hath raised us up together, and hath made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus." These are the alone fit characters to receive Christian baptism, and all such owe it to Christ as a profession of these inward facts of experience.

3.—That baptism symbolises all this. "It is an outward and visible sign of this inward and spiritual grace." Baptised into his death—into the faith, profession, and obedience of Christ, into a conformity to his death unto sin, and into a communion with him in all the benefits it secured, and the designs which in dying he contemplated. He was buried, that as our representative he might descend to the deepest depths of our degredation, and prove the reality of his death. We are figuratively buried with Christ by baptism, laid under water—no burial but by immersion—then raised up out of the water, at once emblematic of Christ's resurrection, and ours spiritually with him, "that as Christ was raised from the dead, so we also should walk in newness of life."

We, then, who have experienced this inward change, can fearlessly preach a full, free, finished salvation through Christ; can invite and assure men, on God's authority, that character previous to conversion—goodness or badness—has nothing to do with salvation. "It is all of faith, that it might be by grace." That conversion is a change of nature, tastes, and desires; a death to one side of our being—sinward; life to the other side—Godward; and illustrate all this visibly, plainly before their eyes. Our friends to be baptised, avouch to night before God, angels, men, and devils,—"We have experienced the whole gospel in our souls; we have the witness of it in our own hearts more real and more satisfying than all that ever reason grasped, or intellect apprehended of external evidences, and as to our living in sin 'God forbid! we are dead to it,' it is alien to our nature. Look at Christ's death the cause of ours, and our public baptism the proclamation of all this."

Then saved before baptism, it can have no part in saving us. Then whatever of the Holy Spirit's operation you have experienced, not immersed in this faith, you are neglecting this divine and eloquently expressive ordinance, attesting what great things God has done for you. Then if all this be true (and nothing on earth is proved true if this be not) those of you who have not been immersed have not been baptised at all; have not been buried with Christ by baptism. Nor can the appeal of our text be made to your experience. "Know ye not that so many of us as were baptised into Jesus Christ, were baptised into his death." Infant sprinkling having no authority in God's word, and no such Christian significance, can yield no answer to this appeal.

I entreat you to take God's word apart from human glosses and educational

prejudice, constrained by his loving example and command. Die to this sin of neglect in the request "See, here is water, what doth hinder me to be baptised." Brother, "why tarriest thou here; arise, and be baptised, and wash away thy sins" emblematically, and thou shalt know, by blessed experience, that that act of service is a means of grace, and that "in keeping his commands there is a great reward." You will thus publicly and triumphantly refute the calumnies, which man's proud heart heaps daily on the free grace of the gospel. "Shall we continue in sin." God forbid, we have died to it. And in proof, "are buried with Christ by baptism unto death."

Fragments and Choice Sayings.

THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

THE cross of Christ is the sweetest burden that ever I bore; it is such a burden as wings are to a bird, or as sails to a ship, to carry me forward to my desired haven. Those who by faith see the invisible God and the fair city, make no account of present losses and crosses. Truly it is a glorious thing to follow the Lamb; it is the highway to glory; but when you see him in his own country at home you will think you never saw him before. I find that when the saints are under trial and well humbled, little sins raise great cries in the conscience; but in prosperity conscience is a pope that gives dispensations and great latitude to our hearts. The cross is therefore as needful as the crown will be glorious. —*Ruthford's Letters.*

STATIONARY CHRISTIANS.

OFTEN from my window on seashore I have observed a little boat at anchor. Day after day, month after month, it is seen at the same spot. The tides ebb and flow, yet it scarcely moves. While many a gallant vessel spreads its sails, and catching the favouring breeze, has reached the haven, this little bark moves not from its accustomed spot. True it is that when the tide rises, it rises; and when it ebbs again, it sinks; but advances not. Why is this? Approach nearer, and you will see. It is fastened to the earth by a rope. A cord, scarcely visible, enchains it, and will not let it go. Now, stationary Christians, see here your state, the state of thousands. Sabbaths come and go, but leave them as before. Ordinances come and go; means, privileges, sermons, move them not—yes, they move them; a slight elevation by the Sabbath tide, and again they sink; but no onward heavenward movement. They are as remote as ever from the haven of rest—this Sabbath as the last, this year as the past. Some one sin enslaves, enchains the soul, and will not let it go. Some secret indulgence drags down the soul, and keeps it fast to earth. O snap it asunder; make one desperate effort, in the strength of God. Take the Bible as your chart, and Christ as your pilot, to steer you safely amid the dangerous rocks, and pray for the Spirit of grace to fill out every sail, and waft you onward over the ocean of life to the haven of everlasting rest.

SUNDAY RELIGION.

MANY professing Christians put off their religion with their Sunday garments. They attend church, rent a pew, and listen to a sermon on the Lord's day and think they have served God for that week, and the remainder of the time is their own to devote to politics, pleasure, or uninfluenced by religion; thus living, six days in the week, a life incompatible with the principles which they profess. A writer has said, if the history of such a man were written, the full long chapters would show a record of activity and energy, of tact and industry, and their results; of toil, ambition, and success; their object, the man's own comfort, advancement, honour, credit and glory, or those of his family and offspring; while the religious part would be found in a foot note in fine print on every seventh page, and

concluded by a memorandum on the fly leaf at the end, containing some pious remarks on general religious topics which he made just before departing out of this world.

"PRAY AND PUMP."

IN a seamen's prayer meeting lately, in New York, one of the speakers thanked God that he had been a sailor. He had been in tight places at sea, but he never hid his religion or lost his confidence in God. He had learned to call on God in trouble, and had not been disappointed. But then faith must be joined with practice. Praying only, without using effort, is not enough.

"We were once," said he, "driven to great straits in a gale. The wind blew a perfect hurricane, and our ship sprung a leak. It seemed as if we must go to the bottom in a few minutes. Our men worked hard at the pumps. The water gained on us. Death stared us in the face. I ran down below, and on my knees asked Jesus to save us, and give me a token. I then opened my Bible, lying before me, and Isaiah xli. 10, met my eyes. The words are these, and the first I saw: 'Fear thou not, for I am with thee. Be not thou dismayed, for I am thy God. I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee with the right hand of my righteousness.' That was enough. I ran on deck and told the men. I said, 'Men, we are going somewhere, but we are not going down.' I reported to them what I had asked of the Lord, and how he had answered me. 'Now,' said I, 'men, pump and pray, and pray and pump.' And they did it with a will. And we pumped and prayed our vessel into Cork, as I believe, in answer to prayer and promise. But what is the use of praying with a leak in the ship without pumping?"

THE CROOKED TREE.

A CHILD, when asked why a certain tree grew crooked, replied: "Somebody trod on it, I suppose, when it was a little fellow." How painfully suggestive is that answer! How many, with aching hearts, can remember the days of their childhood, when they were victims of indiscreet repression, rather than the happy objects of some kind direction and culture! The effects of such misguided discipline have been apparent in their history and character, and by no process of human devising can the wrong be now rectified. The grand error in their education consisted in a system of rigid restraints, without corresponding efforts to develope, cultivate and train in a right direction.

SCOLDING.

A LITTLE girl not six years of age screamed out to her brother who was playing in the mud: "Bob, you good-for-nothing young rascal, come right into the house this minute or I'll beat you till the skin comes off." "Why, Angelina, Angelina, dear, what do you mean? Where did you learn such talk?" exclaimed the mortified mother, who stood talking with a friend. Angelina's childish reply was a good commentary upon this manner of speaking to children. "Why, mother, you see we are playing, and he's my little boy, and I'm scolding him just as you did me this morning, that's all."

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the Primitive Church Magazine.

DEAR SIR,—As a subscriber to the Bunyan Library, I was sorely disappointed at its failure, because I had anticipated with great pleasure the Sixteenth volume of the series, namely, Abraham Booth's life, with a selection from his writings, by Dr. Steane. One is suprised to find that while Andrew Fuller, has no fewer than four biographers, Booth who was his contemporary and in some respects I think his superior; certainly one of

the best and brightest ornaments of the Baptist denomination, has not found one, nothing but a mere sketch by William Jones prefixed to his works. Could not Dr. Steane be induced to publish his volume as an independent work, it would certainly find a good sale as it ought to do; or if that be thought doubtful publish it by subscription. Hoping you will find room for these few lines in your next number. I am yours,

Oxford. L. W. S.

[Our correspondent states that he sent the above note to the Editor of a denominational magazine nearly twelve months ago, and that from some cause or other it was not inserted. Probably the cause might be that his communication was not attested by his name and address. If so, we quite sympathise with the Editor referred to. There is, as a rule, no necessity for a correspondent's name being published; but the Editor ought in every case to be supplied with it.—Ed.]

Poetry.

IL MIO ANIMA.

Faint not, my soul!
Ar't tired of this sad life, its cares and seemings,
Its joys, its sorrows, and vain dreamings,
That thou shouldst miss thy goal?
Hast thou forgot those words with meaning rife;
"The faithful unto death shall have a crown of life?"
Faint not, my soul!

Tire not, my soul!
Morbid, neglected, must ambition's buds
Be swallowed up in earth's Lethean floods,
That slowly o'er thee roll?
Rememberest not, when all around looks dreary,
Our Lord's command, "Well doers, be not weary?"
Tire not, my soul!

Dream not, my soul!
Is life so long that thou canst cease to borrow
Thoughts of thy future, of thy endless morrow,
That thou canst careless loll?
In tones of angel sweetness hear our Father say
To mortals on the earth: "Work while 'tis day."
Dream not, my soul!

Mourn not, my soul!
Has death o'er thee its sombre mantle thrown—
Made bare thy hearth-stone, left thee sad and lone,
A lamb snatched from the fold?
Know that above a *crown* awaits the mourning one;
This life is brief—thy race will soon be run.
Mourn not, my soul!

Rest not, my soul!
If dark the cheerless skies above thee seem,
And thy dark vision fail to catch one gleam,
These words shall make thee whole:
"'Tis those that fight till death that wear the crown;"
Quit not thy post—lay not thine armour down.
Rest not, my soul!

Maria A. Stetson.

Page for the Young.

TABLE MANNERS.

In silence I must take my seat,
And give God thanks before I eat;
Must for my food in patience wait,
'Till I am asked to hand my plate.

I must not scold, nor whine, nor pout,
Nor move my chair or plate about;
With knife, or fork, or napkin-ring,
I must not play—nor must I sing.

I must not speak a useless word,
For children must be seen, not heard:
I must not talk about my food,
Nor fret if I don't think it good.

My mouth with food I must not crowd,
Nor while I'm eating speak aloud;
Must turn my head to cough or sneeze,
And when I ask, say, "If you please."

The table-cloth I must not spoil,
Nor with my food my fingers soil;
Must keep my seat when I have done,
Nor round the table sport or run.

When told to rise, then I must put
My chair away with noiseless foot,
And lift my heart to God above,
In praise for all his wondrous love.

Home Songs.

SHOOTING THE SHARK.

The great ship-of-war lay at easy anchor in the beautiful bay, and the waters slept around her, smooth as a mill-pond and silvery as glass. The sailors were idly moving here and there on the ship's deck, for there was nothing to be done. The old boatswain, a favourite with all, was among them, telling long stories, or as they call it, "spinning his long yarns." Among this crew was a bright little boy, a son of the old boatswain, the idol of his father and the pet of all the sailors. He was so cheerful and bright and good-natured, that there was nothing which they would not do for "little Jem." The morning was warm, and the water just of the right temperature for bathing. A group of the sailors leaned over the side of the ship, and seemed greatly delighted with something they saw. It was "little Jem," their pet, far out from the ship swimming alone. He could whirl over, dive, float, or shoot forward like a duck.

"Boatswain," cried one, "what a swimmer little Jem is."

"Aye," says the father, "he seems to take to the water kind o'natural. I never had to teach him."

"Boatswain, boatswain, a shark! a shark! Oh, he will get Jem in one minute more."

The old man leaped up, and a single glance took it all in. There was his son playing in the water, lying on his back, unconscious of any danger, and a huge shark made straight towards him, and it was plain that in a moment more he would be crunching the limbs of the boy. The old man remembered that one of the cannons was shotted. Quick as a flash, and with almost superhuman strength, he wrenched the gun in place, depressed the muzzle, aimed a few feet between the child and the shark—just where the fish would be in a single instant. The match was applied, the gun roared and reeled. The poor father sank down beside the gun, too faint to look. The smoke of the gun cleared away, and up rose a shout from the sailors, almost as loud as the roar of the gun.

"What is it?" calls the father.

"Oh, Jem is safe. There lies a shark, dead and torn in pieces. How could you move the gun, and sight her, and get her off so quickly and so accurately?"

"I don't know, but I believe God helped me. Wont some of you bring Jem to me?"

The next moment a boat was lowered and the oars were bending as she cut her way to the boy. He had just begun to understand the thing, and was paralysed with terror. Gently they lifted him into the boat, and in a few minutes placed him in the arms of his weeping father. The old man seemed to receive him as from the dead, and could only rock him in his arms and cry like a babe. The tears of those around so far sympathised with him that they welcomed Jem again as if he had come from the dead.

How wonderful that Providence

that stepped in, and from a source so uncommon and unexpected, sent salvation to the life of that child. The only man who could have managed the gun so quickly and accurately, the only man who thought of the thing was the father. And when life and death hung on an instant of time, and on the accuracy of his eye and the steadiness of his hand, how he had them all in full use as long as needed.

My little reader, there are sharks after you, with wide jaws and sharp teeth—coming directly towards you. Will any power come in between you and them and save you? Have you a Father watching over you who will see that you are safe?

There is one boy who has several sharks after him in the shape of companions who are profane, unclean in conversation, who are trying to make him swear and drink and smoke. Will they succeed? Will his heavenly Father send in some power that will save him? Perhaps the prayers of his mother, or the gentle voice of his sister, or the loving heart of some good boy may be the instrument. Perhaps his Sabbath-school teacher will become that power. Perhaps the Holy Spirit will do it.

There is another boy who has a shark coming towards him in the temptation to forget the fifth commandment, and not to honour his father and his mother. The hour that he does this he puts himself out beyond the promise of life, and his end may be near. There is a third upon whom the shark, in the form of doubt and unbelief has fastened his eye. Will he reach him and destroy his faith in his mother's prayers, in his father's religion, in the word of God, and in the name and salvation of Jesus?

Oh that between every child and his great spiritual danger there might come a power *loud as the cannon's roar, quick as the speed of a ball, and sure as the eye of a loving father.*

Reviews.

New Publications by the Baptist Tract Society.

We have great pleasure in drawing attention to the following important additions to the list of the Baptist Tract Society.

First, we have five admirable little pamphlets with illustrated cover, and which are sold at 1d., or 25 for 1s. 8d. These are the commencement of a New Series, which we hope will be rigorously continued. They are all weighty and useful. They are as follows:—

I. Ritualism: what it is, and at what it aims.

II. Modern Ritualism and the Acts of the Apostles.

III. Rome: The Colloseum and the Catacombs.

IV. How to make home happy.

V. Costly Attire: a letter to Christian women. By Adoniram Judson.

The above will make suitable gift books to our senior sabbath scholars, and others.

We have also received the following additions to the General Series of the Society's Publications.

No. 323, *Sad Endings, and what led to them.*

„ 324, *The Death of an Infidel.*

„ 325, *Success dependent upon prayer* By William Ward, of Serampore.

„ 326, *Popery in Power, in the time of Queen Mary.* By J. A. Wylie, L.L.D.

„ 327, *The Inquisition as it is now.*

„ 328, *The Charm of Life.*

„ 329, *Taking up the Cross.* An Authentic Narrative.

„ 330, *Cripple John, of the Barony Poorhouse, Glasgow.*

„ 331, *Mr. George Müller on his Baptism.*

„ 332, *Very Ill, yet Very Well.* A Reality, not a Fiction.

„ 333, *I have found a Christ*: the words of a Sceptical Physician.

The above are all well adapted for circulation. They are wide and varied

in their range of topics, but there is not one feeble tract in the list. Some of them, such as Nos. 334, 333, 332, 330, 324, 323, are powerfully awakening in their tendency. Their wide circulation cannot fail to be attended with a blessing.

We have also received two additions to the two page handbills of the same Society.

No. 81, *A Perilous Path.*

„ 82, "*There must be a Terrible God.*"

A record of facts.

THESE are both striking fragments, rousing and impressive.

We cannot close this notice without requesting our readers whenever they visit London, to find their way to the New Depôt of the Society, at No. 3, Bolt Court, Fleet Street, E.C. Nor must we omit to thank the excellent Treasurer for having saved the Society no less than £412 2s. 8d., by having had a depôt at his private house until quite recently.

On the Treasurer transferring the stock to the Society's Depôt, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:—

"That the statement of the Treasurer presented at last meeting, showing as it does so long a career of active usefulness on behalf of the Society, on the part of our esteemed Treasurer, this Committee begs to present its heartfelt thanks to him, and prays that he may be long spared to aid the interests of the Society, and superintend the New Depôt. They beg also that he will accept an annual grant of tracts to the value of £10, for distribution at his pleasure."

It was unanimously resolved,—

"That the Statement and Resolution [as above] be printed and circulated."

The Baptist Tract Society may well rejoice in the services of such a Treasurer as our brother Oliver.

Intelligence.

SAXONY.

DEAR BROTHER PARKER.—You will be aware from one of my last communications that I, with two other brethren, was entreated by the association of the Prussian churches to go on a longer preaching tour in behalf of the mission. Having now returned from this tour I hasten to give you a brief report of it.

The aim of the journey was, with the Lord's help, to stir up the churches to a special mission in their own country—Prussia. The association of the churches in Prussia had carried on a successful mission in former years, but since the time that these churches were mostly put on their own footing (formerly their ministers were supported by our English and American friends), they had nothing to spare, and this common home mission had ceased. However now the duty and importance of beginning it again was strongly felt, and three brethren were chosen to visit for this purpose all the churches in the monarchy. The district I had to go to was the province of East-Prussia, a part of Poland and of West-Prussia, those districts where we have the most churches. At the end of October last, after I had finished various papers for the press, I started in the name of the Lord on my tour. I had above five hundred miles to go by train before I could commence my tour. Königsberg, one of the largest towns, formerly the capital of Prussia, was the first place where I was expected. Here I was received most heartily by the church, which for the purpose of welcoming me assembled the same evening that I arrived, to a meeting of thanksgiving, because the Lord had once more brought me into their midst. You will recollect that I, in former years, laboured here, as well as in the whole province, in Poland, &c., as missionary of the Baptist Evangelical Society, when the Lord gave much success, so that I, during the three years I spent there, baptised nearly half-a-thousand converts. The most of these I now met again, which was a great joy to them as well as for me, and how could we otherwise, but hold first of all a special meeting of

thanksgiving to praise our Lord for all his grace with which he had kept us till now. We felt constrained to say:—

"Grace taught my soul to pray,
Grace made mine eyes o'erflow;
This grace has kept me to this day,
And will not let me go!"

I think our churches are wanting in such special meetings of *thanksgiving*; they hold *prayer* meetings to ask blessings from the Lord, and very good this is so far, but they should sometimes also hold meetings chiefly for thanksgiving; though there will be thanksgiving in every prayer meeting, and even each prayer should commence with giving thanks, but the chief matter in prayer meetings is to ask blessings, whilst in a thanksgiving meeting the chief thing will be to render thanks unto the Lord, for which he gives us often special occasions; for instance, when a church gets a pastor, or when its minister has been restored from a long and serious illness, or has been for some time away and returns again, or when the church has repeated increase, &c., it then always should hold a special meeting for thanksgivings; and giving thanks to the Lord for received mercies, will secure us future blessings.

The following morning, which was a Sabbath, I preached in the forenoon from the words: "Barnabas, when he came, and had seen the grace of God, was glad," &c. (Acts xi. 23). In the afternoon, because there was a great many strangers in the chapel, I preached from the words, "Compel them to come in," but wishing to do this text justice, not only by preaching it but also by doing what it says, I, after having explained first, who *they* were that should be compelled, second, *where* they should be compelled into, and, *who* it was that did send us and give us this commission, then tried with the Holy Spirit's help through various arguments and enticements and praying with them to compel them to come in. After also the Lord's Supper had been administered to the church, the same held a Love-feast which lasted till nearly midnight. At this occasion I was constrained and had the pleasure to go from place to place to shake hands with each member, and the happy hours occupied in prayers, addresses and singing flew away like minutes.

The next day I had a conference with several missionaries of East-Prussia, who had come for this purpose to Königsberg, and having in the evening preached once more here I went further on my tour. But I should greatly trespass upon your time and mine too, if I were to describe to you the work and experiences of every day. I travelled about fully seven weeks, preached, with a few exceptions, every night, and each time in some other place. It was a very hard tour, for some times the places I had to reach were far away, and the weather was, as usually the case here, very unsettled. Again, this province is that part of Prussia which has been by the government too much neglected, and, being near Russia and Poland, both the people and the culture are at least a hundred years behind others; in some places at the Russian frontier, where I travelled, the people live in the earth, and in small cottages made of earth and covered with turf. There are only a few lines of railway going through some parts of the country. The roads are in such a pitiful state that sometimes we could not get along with the cart and were obliged to proceed on horseback. Sometimes I had in thirty-six hours only four or five hour's rest. However, the Lord gave much grace and strength so that whilst others feared for my health, I kept strong and well till the end of the whole tour. The journey answered not only one, but various purposes. In those places where there was a church or a large station I generally had, after the public meeting, a church meeting, in which I spoke on the importance of the mission to be carried on by the association, and our proposal to give us, besides their prayers, a good quarterly collection was readily agreed to everywhere. All the churches I may say, felt much refreshed by our visits and begged for the coming again of travelling preachers. The public meetings were in the most places very large ones, so that I had an opportunity to preach the pure and good gospel to thousands

of immortal souls, and in many cases to persons who never attend a religious meeting and are only drawn to it by the novelty of a foreign preacher. My heart's desire and prayer to God is, that now, as he gave grace and blessing at the time of preaching his word, he may also make the sown seed fruitful and let it be followed by his blessing. In the faith that he will do so, I was much strengthened on this tour when I came to various places where in former years I had preached the gospel and now found a number of church members there. Let me only mention of various cases one of them:

About eight years ago, when travelling and preaching every day in some districts of East-Prussia, I, one afternoon, came with my companion, who led me from place to place, through a large village called Sonnenborn. Being rather tired from walking a considerable distance, and being still a few miles off from the place where I was to preach that night, we went into an inn, where I intended, at the same time, to ask if I could on some evening get their hall for a meeting. Whilst sitting there we had the pleasure of hearing the people speaking about the "English Missionary" (so I was generally announced), who preached there about. Bye and by I being asked if I also went to hear that Missionary, and answering in the affirmative, I was drawn into their conversation till at last they found it out that now they also had seen the man about whom they had been speaking and also said some hard and scornful things. Having explained to them the truth of the gospel and spoken to them of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come, several of them commenced to mock us. I then invited them once more to the meeting that was to take place a few miles off that night, but was rather blamed and laughed at by some of them. I had to leave, but still, I had had a meeting here already. After eight years, I came to this place again, and now found here twenty-one members. After the service some of them asked me if I still recollected when I was scoffed at in such and such an inn, and then they told me that they were present on that occation, and that they then had first commenced to think about religion, having been struck by the fact that I was laughed at for the gospel sake. It seemed that not so much my words, as my being laughed at had made the chief impression on them.

With this I must conclude—of my return, and some receptions into our churches in Saxony, I shall report in a few weeks. Wishing you and all our friends in England, as well as our common good cause, the Lord's richest blessings in the new year, I am and shall be yours truly,

MORITZ GEISSLER.

Halle, January 8th, 1868.

FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF THE STRICT BAPTIST CHURCH, LYCEUM, ROCHDALE.

ON Tuesday, January 14th, interesting services were held in the above place, which has been occupied during the past twelve months by a number of friends who felt it necessary to withdraw from the church meeting in West-street, Rochdale, on account of the question of communion. In the morning a very able and eloquent sermon was preached by Rev. H. Dowson, president of the Bury College, on the stability of the divine word from Luke xxi. 33. In the afternoon a prayer meeting was held, presided over by Mr. W. H. Ibberson, of Bury, to invoke the Divine blessing upon the services of the day; after which, a very excellent and appropriate address was delivered to the members of the church by Rev. John Howe, of Waterbarn, founded upon the words, "a band of men whose hearts God had touched" (2 Sam. x. 26), in which he enforced the necessity of unity of purpose, firmness of principle, and devotion of heart. At four o'clock, a public tea meeting was held, which was numerously attended. A public meeting was held in the evening, the chair being taken by Rev. H. Dowson, who in a telling speech congratulated the church upon the prosperity and unity which had marked their progress during the past year, and stimulated them to

increased exertion in the future. In the course of his address he expressed the hope that the friends would at once endeavour to raise a fund for the erection of a permanent place of worship, and stated that he had no doubt that when friends at a distance saw them move in this matter they would cheerfully aid them. The report of the past year was read by the secretary, from which it appears there has been an increase of twenty-one members, most of whom have been added to the church by baptism, making a total of seventy-four. The Sunday school numbers one hundred and twenty scholars and twenty teachers, all of whom have been added during the past year. The meeting was afterwards addressed by Revs. J. Smith, of Bacup; J. Howe, —. Williams, of Oldham; and Messrs. J. Rigby, A. Pickles, I. Wilkinson, and A. E. Greening, of Chamber Hall College. The choir, under the direction of Mr. Hurst, greatly added to the enjoyment of the evening by giving a selection of sacred music. In the interval between the services the students conducted a short service in the open air. The proceedings throughout the whole of the day were of a very interesting character, and marked by a spirit of unanimity and earnestness, which we pray may long continue and distinguish the church in all her future progress. "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name give glory for Thy mercy and for Thy truth's sake."

OGDEN, ROCHDALE.

The annual tea meeting of the school and congregation connected with the Baptist chapel was held on Monday, January 13th. The attendance was numerous—914 persons including scholars and friends partaking of a substantial tea. The school-room and chapel were beautifully decorated, and several mottoes tastefully prepared by Mr. Round, of Bury, were exhibited — the most prominent being "Welcome," "A Happy New Year," and "One Lord, one Faith, one Baptism." After tea, the meeting held in the chapel was presided over by the Rev. L. Nuttall. The chairman in his opening remarks referred with deep gratitude, to the continued prosperity and unbroken peace with which God had blessed the church, school, and congregation, and thanked the people for their uniform kindness and coöperation by which, under the Divine blessing, his labours with them for over eight years, had been most happy. He thought they had reason to "thank God and take courage." The report, read by the secretary, stated that the number of scholars is three hundred and eighty-five, teachers fifty-four, showing a clear increase of sixty scholars and eight teachers during the year. Several from the school have joined the church. The singing class conducted by Mr. Fielding, numbers eighty members, who are making considerable progress. The Young Men's classes, under the instruction of Mr. Sykes, Mr. Hall, and the pastor, are well attended. The Young Women's class on week evenings is still conducted by Miss H. Royds, teacher of the Day school which has eighty scholars. The Library had received several new volumes during the year. The Sewing classes, under the direction of Mrs. Nuttall, realised by the sale of articles at the tea party, with several donations, nearly £30 towards refunding the Baptist Building Fund a loan granted for the new chapel. The Branch school at Littleborough, opened six years ago, numbers about one hundred scholars and teachers, and a new Iron Chapel and school are in course of erection. After the foregoing report was given, the evening was agreeably spent in listening to recitations by the scholars, anthems by the choir—Mr. Cross the leader—and to earnest addresses by the Revs. A. Pitt, S. Sykes, Messrs. C. Clegg, J. Whitehead, J. Bradbury, A. Whitehead and J. Schofield.

THE WAY TO GET OVER A DIFFICULTY.

The old Upper Chapel, Heckmondwike, Yorkshire, was an ancient, square, plain-looking building, and still well remembered, and would doubtless be considered the *beau ideal* of a chapel when erected. During

the ministry of Mr. Scott, and on account of the great success attending it, it was decided to enlarge it, and the following circumstance, well authenticated, took place:—For the purpose of enlargement, it was found necessary to purchase the field adjoining the chapel-yard, in the rear of the old building; but not a square foot of that close could the congregation obtain, either for love or money. Under these circumstances they were compelled to content themselves with enlarging the old chapel to the extent of the few yards which intervened between the back gable end and the boundary of their own premises. This being determined upon, a plan was prepared, and the building operations commenced. In the field behind, close to the wall, and in a line with the chapel, stood a stalwart oak, one strong arm of which projected considerably over the ground refused for the enlargement of the chapel, so that without the removal of that portion of the tree the wall could not be raised. The owner would not hear of its being meddled with, and he stormed and threatened the people with serious legal consequences if they dared to cut off any portion of the tree. They offered to buy the whole tree, or pay ample compensation for the injury done to it by removing the protruding branch; but the person to whom it belonged would come to no terms, declaring that "where the tree stood it should continue to grow." The workmen refused the responsibility of touching it, and the works came to a stand. The people having tried all human means in vain, in their perplexity now turned to God to ask him to direct them some way out of their difficulty. A prayer meeting was called, and the determination was formed to continue night after night in prayer until an answer should be given to their request. What they asked of God was, that as the hearts of all men were in his hands, he would soften the heart of the stubborn owner of the tree, and so clear the way to proceed with the enlargement of his house. They had not to wait long. During the night following one of these prayer meetings, a tremendous thunderstorm occurred, and when the morning dawned it was found that God's lightning had shattered the tree into fragments. Thus their prayers were answered, not indeed in the way they contemplated, but yet in a manner so effectual, as to put it for ever beyond the power of their churlish neighbour to hinder the progress of their pious undertaking.—*T. B. Oldfield in the Huddersfield Examiner.*

INSIDE THE PALACE.

THE womanly and Christian virtues of Queen Victoria have won for her a reputation such as no English Queen has ever had. And although a portion of the English people are exceedingly restive because she does not mingle in and encourage the usual frivolities of court life, her rare qualities will be far better appreciated when she shall be laid at rest by the side of her beloved Albert. Very many beautiful anecdotes are related of her, but we have seldom met with one which equals the following, related by Grace Greenwood. She says, "When I was in England I heard several pleasant anecdotes of the Queen and her family, from a lady who received them from her friend, the governess of the royal children. This governess, a very interesting young lady, was the orphan daughter of a Scottish clergyman. During the first year of her residence at Windsor, her mother died. When she first received news of her serious illness, she applied to the Queen for permission to resign her situation, feeling that to her mother she owed a more sacred duty than even to her Sovereign. The Queen, who had been much pleased with her, would not hear of her making this sacrifice—but said, in a tone of the most gentle sympathy, 'Go at once to your mother, child; stay with her as long as she needs you, and then come back to us. I will keep your place for you. Prince Albert and I will hear the children's lessons; so in any event let your mind be at rest in regard to your pupils.' The governess went, and had several weeks of sweet, mournful communion with her dying mother; then, when she had seen that dear form laid to sleep under the daisies in the old kirk-yard,

she returned to the palace, where the loneliness of royal grandeur would have oppressed her sorrowing heart beyond endurance, had it not been for the gracious, womanly sympathy of the Queen, who came every day to the school-room—and the considerate kindness of her young pupils. A year went by; the first anniversary of her great loss dawned upon her, and she was overwhelmed as never before by the utter loneliness of her grief. She felt that no one in all that great household knew how much goodness and sweetness passed out of mortal life that day a year ago—or could give with her one tear, one thought to that grave under the Scottish daisies. Every morning before breakfast, which the elder children took with their father and mother, in the pleasant crimson parlour looking out on the terrace at Windsor, her pupils came to the school-room for a brief religious exercise. This morning, the voice of the governess trembled in reading the Scripture for the day—some words of divine tenderness were too much for her poor, lonely, grieving heart—her strength gave way, and laying her head on the desk before her, she burst into tears—murmuring 'Oh, Mother! Mother!' One after another the children stole out of the room and went to their mother, to tell her how sadly their governess was feeling; and that soft-hearted monarch exclaiming, 'Oh, poor girl! it is the anniversary of her mother's death,' hurried to the schoolroom, where she found Miss — struggling to regain her composure. 'My poor child,' she said, 'I am sorry the children disturbed you this morning. I meant to have given orders that you should have this day entirely to yourself. Take it, as a sad and sacred holiday—I will hear the lessons of the children.' And then she added, 'To show you that I have not forgotten this mournful anniversary, I bring you this gift,' clasping on her arm a beautiful mourning bracelet, attached to which was a locket for her mother's hair, marked with the date of that mother's death. What wonder that the orphan kissed with tears this gift and the more than royal hand that bestowed it! This was Victoria, fteen years ago,—and I don't believe she has morally 'advanced backward' since then."

[The above is from the *Christian Era*, an American paper. The representation which it gives of the character of our gracious Sovereign, and the faith expressed in the concluding sentence that she still sustains that character are strikingly confirmed by the volume just published, entitled "Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands." The book is one with which the daily and other papers will doubtless have made our readers familiar. It is intensely interesting. We have a noble Queen for whom we are devoutly thankful. Our prayer is—long may she live, and God bless her.]

SECTS WITHIN THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

Many Churchmen plead for the connection of the Church with the State on the ground that unity in religion can only be secured thereby. The extent to which union is secured by this connection, the following from the *Liberator* illustrates:—

"A new analysis of Church parties has just been made by Dr. Hurst, in his 'History of Rationalism.' He classifies some 18,000 of the clergy as follows:—

HIGH CHURCH.	
Normal Type, Anglican	3,600
Exaggerated Type, Tractarian ..	1,000
Stagnant Type, High and Dry ..	2,500
LOW CHURCH.	
Normal Type, Evangelical	3,500
Exaggerated Type, Recordite	2,600
Stagnant Type, Low and Slow....	700
BROAD CHURCH.	
Normal Type, Theoretical and Anti-Theoretical	3,600
Exaggerated Type, Extreme Rationalists	300
Stagnant Type	700

After this, we ought to hear no more of the discordant elements of which Nonconformity is composed."

AN IMPRESSIVE SERMON.

The *Eclectic Review* for December, in an article on "The History of the Pulpit in all Ages," gives the following:—

"A young man, not very many years since—the circumstance is given in the life of Dr. Waugh—was sent for to preach before the Prince of Orange at the Hague. He had indi-

cated great talent and promise, and the Prince wished to hear him. The young man's father was also a preacher at the Court, and he was commanded by the Prince to push his son at a moment's warning into the pulpit, that he might give a fair specimen of his powers; also the text was given to him from Acts viii. 26-40. You remember the passage—the story of the courtier, and his meeting with Philip. The young preacher was confounded, but there was no time to hesitate. After a suitable introduction, he told his noble and crowded audience that his subject contained four wonders, four marvels *(quatre merveilles)*, which he should make the four heads of his sermon, and if he should say anything to which their ears had not been accustomed in that place, he hoped that his unprepared state of mind from his sudden call would plead his apology, and that they would consider the things he might speak as according to our Lord's promise, 'given to him in that hour.'

"*Marvel the first*: *A courtier reads.* Here he deplored the sad neglect in the education of great men in modern times, and the little attention paid by them to books.

"*Marvel the second*: a courtier reads the *Bible.* Here he deplored the melancholy condition of religious sentiments and feelings in the great, and the impoverished state of a mind so destitute.

"*Marvel the third*: A courtier owns himself *ignorant of his subject.* Here he exposed the conceit and presumption of petulant ignorance in high places.

"*Marvel the fourth*: A courtier applies to a *minister of Christ for information*, and follows his counsel.

The Prince was famous for sleeping during the service, but he did not sleep during that sermon.

But our young friend was never asked to preach in the palace again. The prince and the preacher took their revenge upon each other.

INDIA.

THE cyclone which recently swept over Lower Bengal, carrying death and devastation in its track, laid prostrate many mission chapels and houses. Thus the Rev. J. Wenger, of the Baptist Society, writes from Calcutta:—"All the mission property here has suffered; the chapel in Lal Bazaar most severely of all. The mission-house suffered severely on the north side. At Serampore, the college suffered most; after it the college-house. Most of our native Christians here are homeless. The South villages suffered more, in comparison, than Calcutta. The native Christians have, with very few exceptions, lost all their houses, and more than half their cattle. The rice crop will not yield more than one-fourth, if so much. At Khari every building is level with the ground. Only the bare walls of the chapel are partially standing. In that village fifteen lives were lost among our native Christians. At Lukhyantipore and Dhankata the people fared a trifle better; but Brindabun, one of the pastors, lost two children through the fall of his house." The Rev. R. Robinson writes more particularly of the effects of the storm on the Christian villages to the south of Calcutta:—"You will be prepared to hear that the devastation among the south villages has been complete. With the exception of the brick-built chapel at Lukhyantipore, one of whose walls has split clean down from top to bottom, and is gaping wide, I have not a chapel standing throughout the district. The bungalows and huts occupied by our people have, with rare exceptions, shared the same fate; the *golahs*, in which their grain was stored, have been blown down, and the grain either blown away or utterly ruined by the rain. At this moment there are hundreds of families in those southern villages that are without shelter, without food, without clothing, without a stick of property of any kind, and without hope. The crops still in the ground have been severely injured, and will not yield more than one-third of what was expected; because, though there was no wave of salt water this time to inundate them, the gale was severer, and it just laid them low, and beat them into the ground. In respect of loss of life,